

# AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

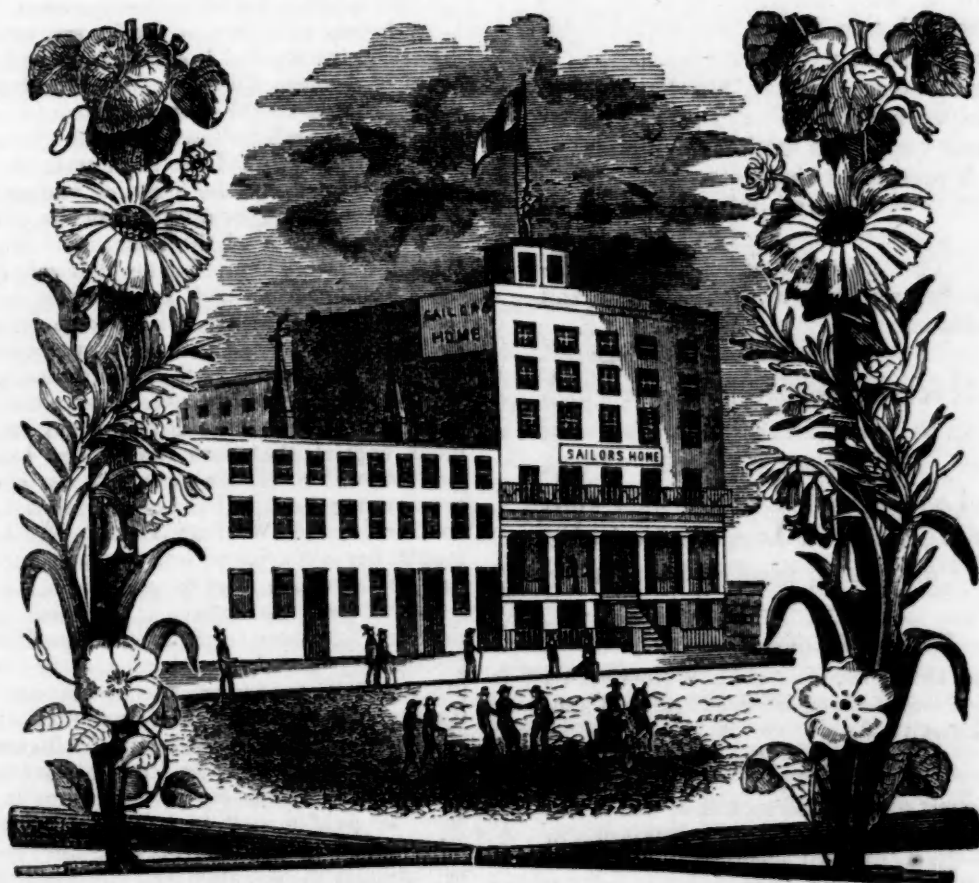
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Express Office, 112 Broadway. }

{ PRICE 3 CENTS, SINGLE, OR  
\$1 a Year, in Advance, by mail. }

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845.

No. 16.



THE SAILOR'S HOME.

WE gave a print of this new and valuable institution in the 9th number of this Magazine, (page 137,) with an account of its plan history and effects, to which we refer those of your readers who have not read it. Having now procured a more picturesque view of it, we here present it, with the following letter lately received by the estimable superintendent, from a widow lady in Sweden, whose son found it indeed a "home," in an affecting sense of the word.

GOTTENBURG, Oct. 2, 1844.

To the Superintendent of Sailor's Home:

My Dear Sir—Although unknown to you, I venture to write and ask of you the favor to take care of the accompanying parcel for my beloved son, J. E. E., from whom I lately received a letter in which he speaks very highly of the Superintendent of the Sailor's Home, without mentioning your name. He told me you had given him a *Bible*, and many other precious books containing the word of God, and rules for a Christian's conduct. O, my dear sir, it is a

widowed MOTHER that now writes you, and my feelings at this moment, (as well as when I first read my son's letter,) are inexpressible; you must therefore excuse my plain and imperfect acknowledgement for all your kindness towards my dear boy. He is young, and had been led astray, but the Lord in mercy led him to you, and he is now in the right way, through your kind influence.

May Heaven's best blessings forever rest upon you and yours. Accept a rejoicing mother's eternal thanks for having restored to her her long lost son. May I ask of you the favor to keep the parcel until my son's return from Canton, which he told me in his letter would be in a twelvemonth.

Begging your pardon for having encroached upon your time and patience, I remain, dear sir, with a mother's gratitude,

Yours, most sincerely,

And obliged,

HELENA E.—

P. S. The parcel contains several religious books, my likeness, a bead chain and several letters.

H. E.

*Sailor's Magazine.*

This is but one case out of many in which the exertions made for Seamen, here and elsewhere, have proved successful. For a short and simple narrative of another kind, we refer to the extracts from the Anniversary reports, on another page of this number.

#### FOREIGN TRAVELS.

*Greece in 1844; or, A Greek's Return to his Native Land—a narrative, edited by THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.*

##### CHAPTER VII.

Interesting objects and scenes in and about Athens.—The modern city long unknown in Europe.—Early modern accounts of Athens.—Some events of the late war.

The reader can easily imagine something of what the feelings of a Greek may naturally be, when, after a long absence from his native country, he finds himself not only in Greece again, but in the centre of Greece—in Athens. After the scenes I had witnessed in my childhood, in a distant island of the country, then far from the great body of the nation, exposed to the savage enemy, and most of the time completely within their power, and after a long absence in another continent, it was delightful to realize the perfect peace and security now so happily established among my countrymen. My enjoyment was enhanced, not only by my restoration to my family, and the contrast of our condition and prospects with the sorrows and

the apprehensions we had formerly known, but by the reflection that thousands around us were in the same happy condition, and had experienced a similar change in their prospects.

My time was variously occupied during my stay in Athens. I had much to say and much to listen to, first in the family, and afterwards among their friends, to whom I was soon introduced. Then my curiosity soon led me to the various spots and monuments which attract every traveller.

What changes have taken place in Athens! and some of the strangest are caused by the influx of foreigners. French, English and German shops are open on all sides, and these languages are heard in every street. The large hotels are kept by foreigners, and conducted in the style of London, Paris and other cities of western Europe. Many foreign residents are also found—families who have purchased or erected mansions, and taken up their permanent abode in the city or its environs, attracted by the beauties and associations of the place, the mildness of the climate, and the salubrity of the situation. Many of these foreigners have the aspect of refinement and intelligence, as well as of wealth or competency; and they are, with reason, regarded by the Greek inhabitants as a welcome and valuable acquisition to the population.

How striking is the reflection, amid such crowds of foreigners congregated in this famous capital, that, less than three hundred years ago, the opinion prevailed in Europe, even among the most learned men, that Athens had been razed to its foundations! Her monuments, her very localities, it was supposed, had no longer any trace except in books. Such a mistake was the effect of Turkish barbarism and European torpidity combined. Clark informs us that the work of Martin Crusius (about 1580) confirmed that error, and that the first traveller who truly described Athens in modern times was De la Guilletière, a Frenchman, who published a book in Paris in 1675. After being four years a slave in Barbary, he paid a visit to Athens, in company with several other Europeans, and gave a very accurate, sensible and interesting description of the city and its antiquities. In the year when this volume appeared, Wheeler, an Englishman, set off for Greece, accompanied by Dr. Spon; and both, in their published journals, while they disparage their worthier predecessor, copy from him without the least acknowledgment. Dr. Clark is of the opinion that De la Guilletière (or Willet, as the same name has become changed in England,) is properly to be regarded as the first writer who acquainted Europeans with the existence of Athens and her remains, as Crusius had hardly excited any attention, though nearly an hundred years his predecessor, and he, as has been remarked, encouraged the prevailing opinion that she was no more. De la Guilletière, however, made many mistakes in the inscriptions that he at-



tempted to copy, which is not much to be wondered at; but his descriptions, and especially his map, are spoken of in high terms.

It may appear almost incredible that such ignorance should have prevailed on a subject of this nature: for why should not some reports be brought from Athens by the many merchants who then, as at other times, had intercourse with Greece, even if in small numbers? Dr. Clark gives one reason—which is, that the name was so disguised by foreign corruptions as to be no longer recognized. The few Italian traders who visited the harbor of Piræus, called Athens *Setines* or *Sethina*, by which no one could certainly recognize it; “and yet,” says Guillelière, in speaking of the ancient cities of Greece, “no one has preserved its name with better success than Athens has done; for both Greeks and Turks call it *Athenai*.”

Of all the cities of Greece, none perhaps was the scene of so many changes and of so many sieges, in the course of the late war, as Athens. The beginning was made in 1821, when the insurgents in the Morea and the sailors at sea had done enough against the Turks to excite their countrymen in every quarter. There had long prevailed a comparatively good understanding between the two parties in this city. The Turks, of course, held possession of the Acropolis: but the Greeks were the chief part of the population of the city which lay at its feet, although that was garrisoned by a moderate body of troops.

When the state of the country began to appear alarming, the Greeks dwelling in the city and in the country for many miles around, fled to the coast, and embarked for Salamis and other safe places. After a short time, such of the men as meditated something for the nation, returned and traversed the plain of Attica in bands, depredating, or waylaying, surprising and cutting off small parties of the enemy who ventured to expose themselves. The banks of the Cephissus, so celebrated in times of Athenian splendor, now became the scene of a cautious but bloody partizan warfare; but the Turks were too few often to venture from the city walls, which were soon destined to an assault by the Greeks. One night in June, 1821, they were attacked, and with such spirit that the town was soon in their hands. They then pressed the siege of the Acropolis, and the Turks had begun to suffer from famine, when a Mahomedan army, under Omer Pasha, arrived and drove them back to Salamis. But this inhuman commander committed the most barbarous atrocities. He sent out to ravage the country, and had the remaining inhabitants tortured, treated with every indignity and cruelty, and put to death in various ingenious modes, to increase their sufferings. His men often amused themselves with hunting down the poor peasants with horses, making sport of their fears; and cutting them in pieces, or shooting them when weary of their sport.

But in June, 1822, the army had retired,

and the Turkish garrison in the Acropolis were suffering severely from the want of water. Their only spring, just outside of the walls, was in the possession of their enemies. After a time they capitulated; but many of them were massacred, in retaliation for the recent atrocities of their countrymen at Scio, at the instigation of refugees from that scene of horror.

When the Turks next invaded the Morea from the north, they passed by Athens without waiting to besiege the Acropolis, and would have left Corinth also unmolested, had not the garrison deserted it from fear.

In 1826, while Gouras had command of the Acropolis of Athens, Col. Favier occupied the city for some time, with his disciplined troops; and he proceeded hence with them, on his unsuccessful expedition against Eubœa. In July, Kiutahi Pacha came down with a Turkish army, occupied the Musæum Hill, and began to bombard the city and Acropolis. He had two long and bloody battles with Col. Favier's corps and a body of Greeks, whom he drove back with extreme difficulty, though with a vast numerical superiority.

In October, when the Acropolis alone was in possession of the Greeks, and they were suffering severely from disease, as well as the loss of many men, a timely reinforcement forced their way in at night, bravely led by Grigiottis. After this, however, the garrison were more closely besieged than ever, so that for a long time not a word of communication was held, even with the government. The most energetic exertions were then made for their relief, and to drive back the Turks. Col. Gordon landed at the Pyræus, and occupied the hill, supported by the steamboat *Perseverance*, and afterwards by the frigate *Hellas*. Karaiskakis afterwards came down from the north, and Favier cut off the Pacha's communication with the sea of Negropont, while the Greeks and many foreigners, newly arrived, assembled to partake in the recovery of Athens. Lord Cochrane was present with his frigate, and in the general command. Karaiskakis was unfortunately mortally wounded just at the moment when advantages had been gained, and his practical skill was needed to counteract the European ideas of Cochrane. Shortly after, the flower of the Greek army, which had imprudently encamped on the open ground in the plain, preparatory to an attack on the Turks, was overwhelmed by their charge, and all the Greeks were driven to a precipitate retreat.

There appears to have been a difference in the dispositions of the Turkish commanders. Kuitakhi Pacha, who so long was at the head of their armies in Attica, was a brave and skilful soldier, without the inhumanity of a wild beast. He was not guilty of the practices of his predecessor, Omar Pacha, who rendered himself and his soldiers abominated to the extreme, by the scenes of cruelty of which he made the country the theatre.

But I have not room to go into the many

other interesting epochs of the late war in this place. A narrative of the sieges of the Acropolis, now by the Greeks and now by the Turks, would offer a large fund of interesting scenes and characters, sufficient alone to fill volumes.

Thus it is that the traveller in Greece at the present day finds himself surrounded by things which may almost lead him to doubt the sufferings which the people endured only a few years ago. Luxuriant harvests wave on the spots which but a short time since were stained with blood and peace, prosperity and happiness prevail where was nothing but desolation, or sights and sounds of woe. The marks of those times may seem fewer than might have been expected; but now and then something presented itself to remind me of them.

#### Striking Facts and Remarks from the Anniversary Reports.

The Anniversary Week in New York was peculiarly interesting this year.

*American Seamen's Friend Society.*—The 17th Anniversary was held in the Tabernacle on Monday, Capt. Richardson in the chair.

Captain Hudson, of the U. S. N. was cheered to learn from the report that the Great Author of Nature had affixed his seal to the exertions of this Society. Some apparently insignificant cause or event, on distant seas, a book, a tract, an exhortation, has led the trembling sailor to the cross of Christ. Twenty years ago what was well nigh universally the condition of seamen? Drunkards, profane swearers, Sabbath breakers. 17,000 seamen now are members of the Marine Temperance Society of New York.

Mr. J. G. Clark, a sailor, related his own personal history in a speech of great interest and most natural and winning eloquence, which both delighted and affected the audience. I am, said Mr. Clark, a native of Massachusetts. My parents were both pious, and I enjoyed, in my childhood the benefit of their good example and Christian instruction, and listened to their prayers. At eighteen, tempted by a wayward imagination, I forsook all the advantages of home for the ever-varying, precarious and perilous life of a sailor. I have experienced almost all the hardships and dangers of the sea, was in the Exploring Expedition under that brave and generous officer, Captain Hudson, (who has just addressed you,) and at one time on shore, at one of the islands in the Pacific, with two officers, the savages, unprovoked fell upon us, slew my two companions, and left me pierced with spears and bruised by their war clubs, covered with wounds for dead. But God raised me up and made me deeply sensible of the duty of devoting my spared life to his service. I began to regard myself as a living representative of the holy religion of Christ, and that I could not remain inactive, but must labor to

make known to my shipmates and others the value of the faith I professed. Mr. Clark gave several intensely interesting facts in his subsequent history, spoke of the conversion of many seamen with whom he had sailed, and turning to the sailors present, urged them to efforts for their own improvement, with a manly and true hearted earnestness and eloquence. In conclusion, he observed that he could never forget an admonition given to him by his father, in view of the possibility that he might be called to speak in public, (borrowed from a grist-mill,) to "shut the gate when the corn was out,"—and of course, said he, I have done.

*N. Y. Sunday School Union.*—The report contained the following just tribute to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Milnor.

"He has now gone far above the praises and beyond the rebuke of men. He was a Christian gentleman of enlarged views and of a liberal spirit—a pattern worthy of all imitation.

"For all which belongs to Christian courtesy, united with the love of the truth and zeal for the interests of piety, he had few equals and no superiors. For a series of years, he presided over this institution with that patriarchal dignity and simplicity which secured the love and confidence of Christians of all denominations. His was in deed and in truth a catholic spirit. He loved and acknowledged all of every name to be members of the Church, who possessed the spirit and bore the image of their Lord and Master—and it affords us a melancholy pleasure to pay this feeble tribute to his memory."

Rev. Mr. Dowling, spoke of the grand necessity of teaching Bible truth, and the adaptation of the Sabbath school enterprise to preserve the young from antichristian error. The policy of Rome is to shut out the Bible. It is written in the laws of her church. She fetters the press by council enactments, and strains every nerve to keep the light from her people. When Wickliffe first translated the New Testament, a Romish opponent said that Christ gave the truth to the clergy and doctors, but now it is given to the laity and even the women! In our day we have seen unblushing efforts to banish the Bible from the day school, and where shall they go but to the Sabbath school for the instruction they need. And the present Pope has issued his Bull against attempts to popularize the Bible by spreading it among the people. The same Bull pretends that the Roman church seeks to instruct the people, but it must be through a doctor set to interpret the Scriptures.

If I hear of a man that don't want the Bible circulated, I think of the king who did not want the prophet because he prophesied no good of him. Depend upon it, if any denomination opposes the circulation of the Bible, it is because the Bible is opposed to them.

To a blind Asylum, a young lady, blind and deaf, was brought, to see if any thing



could be done for her. Her friends were told that there was no hope. And as she could not hear, a tap was given to her hand to signify "No;" she burst into a flood of tears. "Shall I never look upon a human face again; or upon the sweet page of the word of God?" But one of her friends took the Bible and placed it upon her breast. It was a touching act, and it reached her heart. She broke out in the language of joy and praise, repeating the precious promises she had learned in the Sabbath school. Her heart was comforted, and she found joy in God.

A little boy lost his sight after he had learned to read, and he so mourned for the word of God, that his father procured for him the Bible in several large volumes in raised letters. He was delighted with his treasure, and used often to go with them by himself. His mother once looked in upon him silently, and saw him at prayer over his volumes. He then took each one and kissed it. Such was his love for the bible. Now what would infidelity do? Why it would snatch those precious promises from the memory of that blind girl. It would tear those Bibles from the closet of that blind boy. O, it is cheerless, cold, and cruel! Now to save the children of our country from the wiles of the infidel, we must teach them the Bible. Men often become infidels by not reading the Bible, and they hate and oppose it because they do not know what it is.

Rev. Mr. Childlaw, of Ohio, a Welchman, was then introduced. My countrymen are monuments of the benefits of Sabbath school instruction. The minister of my native town, Rev. Mr. Charles, was the first to establish them there, and the people flocked by thousands to learn to read. They had not books enough, and that want gave rise to the British and Foreign Bible Society, that is now flooding the world with light. Mr. Charles went to London and plead for them and waked up Mr. Hughes, and he said if such were the wants of Wales, what must be the wants of the world. That was the germ of that noble Institution.

Once I was travelling in the Wilds of the West, as a Sunday School Missionary, and overtaken by the night, I stopped at a little cabin and asked for lodging. The good woman said she had scarcely any thing for me to eat, but she would do her best. So she spread her table, and as I sat down, I asked a blessing. She stepped up to me, and asked if I was a Methodist Minister. I told her "no, but I was a minister." "Well, won't you give us a sermon?" "Certainly, if there are people to hear." She took down a long horn, and going to the door she blew blast after blast that rung through the woods, and presently the people began to come. "Run home," said she, "and get your wives, I've got a minister here, and we are going to have a sermon." So after a while some 18 or 20 people got together and I preached to them. And after preaching, they asked me to hold

a class meeting, and so I did for the first time in my life, and a precious season we had till after midnight. That night I slept on a bearskin with my saddlebags for a pillow, and waking up after sunrise the next morning, there was the table loaded with good things which the people had sent in for my breakfast. I rose and went on my way rejoicing.

That was only eight years ago, and now there is a church on that very spot. Such is the blessing of God, on our labors. Go on, then, in this blessed work and may God reward you yet more abundantly.

*Foreign Evangelical Society.*—This Society celebrated its sixth anniversary on Tuesday evening, at the Rev. Dr. Hutton's church, on Washington Square, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presiding.

The receipts are several thousand dollars more than in any former year.

To the papal States, France and Belgium, the Committee have appropriated more than 50,000 francs, of which 42,000 were remitted to the Corresponding Committee at Geneva, who were requested to apply it towards the salaries of 50 colporteurs, to aid seven young men who are in the theological school at Geneva, and in such other ways, in France, Italy, and Belgium, as they might judge most prudent and efficacious, &c. &c.

As to Canada, the good work is making very satisfactory progress, both in connection with the Swiss mission and the Canada mission. Reference was made to the report for details. The Society hope early to be able to do something for the Spanish race on this continent. A converted Spanish monk is now in our midst, willing and anxious to do something to advance the cause among them. He is now engaged in preparing Tracts in the Spanish language, three of which he has already completed, and in translating Prof. Merle D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. The recent revolutions in Spain have done much to open the eyes of the people to the exorbitant claims of Rome; and the influence exerted thence, it is believed, will be felt in South America.

Rev. Mr. Wilkes, of Montreal, then made some statements concerning the condition of the people in Canada. Lower Canada, the portion of the province of which he wished to speak, he said, was discovered and settled by the French, twenty or thirty years before the first settlement was made in New England; and yet if any intelligent traveller were to pass from New England into Canada, which has a soil quite equal, a climate very little inferior, and other natural advantages not far behind those of New England, and to compare the condition of the inhabitants of the two adjacent sections, he would stand astonished, and ask how it came to pass that more than two centuries had passed away since Lower Canada was settled, and it still remained in its present degraded and wretched position. Not one man in ten can read; not one in fifty can write; and though more women than

men can read, still not one woman in twenty of the French Canadians can read. Agriculture is in a most wretched condition. The people are starving on a soil which the inhabitants of Vermont have often envied them. How is this? Indeed, I know no other cause than that Popery had reigned there from the first settlement of the country until now. No system was ever more richly endowed, so far as lands and money are concerned, than Popery in Canada. No colony of France ever received into its bosom a larger proportion of the ancient nobility of France, than Canada; but to what avail?

*American Tract Society.*—The 20th Anniversary was celebrated in the Tabernacle on Wednesday morning; the President, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was in the chair.

Sixty-eight new publications have been stereotyped during the year. The Society have now published in all 1,176 publications besides 2,007 approved for circulation abroad.

Circulated during the year 373,757 volumes, 5,626,610 publications, 152,727,239 pages, being an increase of 61,255,773 pages over the preceding year, and making the whole number of pages circulated in twenty years 1,544,053,796.

One hundred and forty-three colporteurs, volume agents and superintendents of colportage have been engaged in the service of the Society during the whole or a part of the year, in twenty-four States and Territories, (including Texas,) and exclusive of those in the service of the Society at Boston and other auxiliaries; of whom one hundred and three are still employed. The total number of families visited exceeds 153,000, with most of whom the colporteurs have had personal religious conversation or prayer; not far from 47,000 families, who were destitute of all religious books except the Bible, were each supplied with a book gratuitously, and several thousands with the Bible or Testament by sale or gift. The total circulation of volumes exceeds 374,000, including 24,000 sets of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

The destitution of the country is illustrated by statements from the correspondence of colporteurs, missionaries, &c.

1. In respect to religious books and Bibles—not far from one third of the families being destitute of all religious books, the Bible excepted, and from one-sixth to one-eighth of the population visited not having the inspired volume:

2. In respect to a preached gospel—the average attendance on evangelical preaching in the districts visited, not exceeding about one-half the population: &c.

Colportage, in its practical application to these various classes, is discussed and illustrated by instructive facts.

Rev. Nehemiah Adams, Boston, said: The intelligent reading of a useful book is an important event in any man's life. How many ministers date from such reading a change,

and an important one, in their pastoral care. It gives direction to thought and action for a long time to come. Now literary men can go into a store and buy for themselves; but there are multitudes who want to be furnished with approved books, the *first* in our language, and they make an impression never to be effaced.

I have looked at the subject of colporteurs, and the fears which, as a pastor, I once entertained about their influence have passed away. He illustrated the subject of Christian activity by the vain attempt to dam up and smother a spring, when it would find channels and flow forth. It was impossible to repress the burning desire of Christians to labor, and it was better to guide them wisely and find something for them to do.

Mr. Adams then called attention to the chair in which Elizabeth Walldridge, the Dairyman's Daughter, had sat while she was sick; and remarked that so long as the Society published books for such people as sit in such chairs, they would have a hold upon the hearts of the church.

Dr. Kane, Agent of the American Bible Society in the South West, spoke in testimony to the faithfulness and self-denying labor of the Colporteurs of this Society on the Western waters and in New Orleans. I heard two of them, one a bachelor and the other married. The latter was exhorting the other to get married as it was so much cheaper. This vest said he cost me ten cents to get the stuff, and nothing for the making, for my wife made it. And by such economy as this, they manage to get along. Dr. K. related some touching incidents to show the value of their labors in the city of New Orleans.

Rev. Baron Stowe, of the Baptist Church, Boston, said: On the continent of Europe I saw in a cemetery a tomb with the door ajar, and a hand stretched out of it holding a lamp, signifying that the tenant of the tomb still enlightens the world. So Luther and others will give light to the nations till the end of time.

When the devil fought with Luther at Wittenberg, he little thought what power was in the *inkstand* the Reformer hurled at him. But he has felt it since. These publications are written by men of prayer, adopted, printed, packed, sent out, distributed with prayer! He told of a dying Karen who asked for a *tract* that had fallen in his way; he had never seen a missionary, but the tract had found its way to him and he had read it. He took it now from his friend and selecting one *word*, he laid that word upon his lips and expired. The word was the name of Jesus.

**THE GOBELIN TAPESTRIES.**—The *Presse* states that there has just been terminated at the Royal manufactory of the Gobelines an immense carpet, intended to cover the floor of the Ambassadors' hall at the Palace of Versailles. This splendid work



was commenced in the year 1783. The border is ornamented with garlands of flowers. At the four corners are four large bunches of roses copied from paintings in water-colors, executed by Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., and comprising all the species of roses known in France towards the conclusion of the 18th century.



*An Esquimaux watching a Seal Hole.*

Few travellers have had so dreary a region to describe as Captain Lyon, and yet few books contain as much amusing matter as his. On the northern exploring expedition which he commanded, a few years ago, in search of a northwest passage into the Pacific ocean, he was brought into a more prolonged intercourse with the arctic Esquimaux than he desired; but, like a humane and sensible man, he made a good use of the opportunity, to make observations and inquiries, of which his readers enjoy the advantages.

And truly it is worth while occasionally to turn to a race like the Esquimaux, so shut out from most of the blessings which we most highly prize, that we may contrast our condition with theirs. We may feel rather more disposed to be grateful for our own privileges, more deeply realize our obligations, and better perform our duties.

What opportunities or inducements to intellectual advancement, or social improvement can a human being be expected to find, in circumstances like those of an Esquimaux? See him seated under the mock shelter of a wall made of cakes of ice, on a surface of the same, wrapped, like a mummy, in the intricate coverings he or his ancestors have torn from the few furred animals they

have been able to seize, with nothing to look upon but a vast extent of unmelting snows, and his subsistence and that of his family for the day, depending on the appearance of a seal at the hole he has cut in the frozen pavement before him, and his skill in capturing or killing it. Think of his dwelling—how far from possessing the luxuries and even the comforts of our own! At best, it is but a hut of the smallest size and poorest construction, often formed wholly of blocks of ice, cemented together with water, frozen by the unintermitting cold, lighted with rude lamps of fish oil, and accessible only by creeping on all fours, through a narrow tunnel in a snow drift! Yet even there, our traveller tells us, the poor man and his little family are threatened by the white bear, which approaches to devour the inmates.



*An Esquimaux on snowshoes spearing a Seal.*

We have here another of that puny race, boldly venturing from the shore on snowshoes, to throw his spear into a sleeping seal; and the dreary scene around him contrasts as strongly with our southern landscapes.

Necessity trains the Esquimaux to great boldness and hardihood. Even the women sometimes venture from home, on the surface of the chilly waters, when they happen to be free enough from ice to allow their light canoes to float; and, with great skill and presence of mind, they pass from point to point, or island to island, of the desolate coasts which they inhabit. The men, however, perform the chief part of the active, out-door duties; are often compelled to expose themselves not only to the storms which sweep with relentless fury over the waste

and unprotected country, but to encounter many risks of freezing and drowning in lying in wait for their prey, or in pursu-

ing it, in those places where the snow or the broken ice offers but a precarious footing.



THE DEER MOUSE.

Probably few of our readers are familiar with this beautiful little animal, and few of them will easily credit the assertion, that it is a native of the U. States, even as far North as some parts of New England. It is a diminutive, but most graceful species of the Jerboa; and so timid, so very small and so exceedingly active, that it seldom allows itself to be seen. When it has unwarily exposed itself to observation, its motions are so uncommonly quick, and the means of concealment usually so near at hand, that it commonly disappears before its form can be well distinguished; and it has been often mistaken for some other animal. We recollect to have seen a preserved specimen many years ago, which was killed in Connecticut, by a friend, who was a very close and constant observer of nature. He surprised it and its mate in their gambols under the shade of a bush in a field one day, in a retired situation; but, in consequence of their incessant and rapid movements, he was wholly unable to perceive what was their exact form, or even their size, until he killed one with his gun. It was then evident, that the light and graceful little creatures had been amusing themselves with a hop, or dance it might almost be called, round and round the bush, leaping with their long and slender hind legs, and their bodies in an upright position. Its figure approaches the human, and yet is destitute of the repul-

sive and ridiculous aspects, one or the other of which is usually connected with such of the irrational animals as assume anything of the human attitude. It is in all respects one of the most diminutive and pleasing of the quadrupeds; and perhaps this notice, with the aid of a drawing, may direct the attention of some of our readers to it, and lead to the discovery of its haunts, within the compass of their rural walks.

#### Baptism of Bells at Tours.

A Roman Catholic journal, the *Courrier d'Indre et Loire*, of the 24th of December, gives a remarkable account of the christening of some bells, by the archbishop, at Tours. The feeling with which the Roman Catholic laity look on some of the ceremonies of the church may be judged of by the comments made by the journal which details the "baptism."

We have just been present at a signal parody on the fundamental rite of Christianity; a Pagan ceremony has just been celebrated by the ministers of Christ, in a chapel consecrated to his worship. The two bells presented to the hospital are baptized! This solemnity was conducted with great pomp by the archbishop, assisted by his clergy, and aided by the giver of the bells, who played the double part of father and godfather. A mass, distinguished by the union of admirable musical powers with the generous spirit of charity, and the edifying



sermon, preceded the baptism; and then the ceremony commenced. The two bells were hung a little above the ground, in the midst of the chapel. A somewhat profaned coquetry presided at their toilet. They were dressed in gowns of rose-colored satin, with robes of lace, and trimmed with ribbons and flowers.

The archbishop (Monseigneur Morlot) solemnly approached those two innocent sisters. M. Viot Prudhomme, their godfather, and a distinguished lady, their godmother, were placed at their right hand. After the accustomed words, the archbishop proceeded to their purification *par attouchements*; their dresses were raised with due regard to decency, so as to expose the native material, and in this condition they received the holy anointing within and without. Then Monseigneur, pulling a ribbon, struck the clappers against the two bells in succession, which answered in different tones; the godmother did the same with perfect grace, and the godfather with his accustomed dexterity. All this accomplished, behold two christians more in the world, bearing these inscriptions, the one, "Je m'appelle Anna Valerie;" the other, "Je m'appelle Julie Caroline." It is with a lively sentiment of pity that we have witnessed this profane spectacle. A baptism of bells. The hospital demands for its inmates food, and care, and rest, and you give them bells!



THE CAMEL.

So common has it now become for our countrymen to travel in Egypt, Syria, and some other parts of the East, that many have become familiar with this peculiar animal, and some of our readers may perhaps hereafter find themselves borne on his back among scenes attractive to every mind stored with knowledge and imbued with sound taste.

The following description we copy from a

late publication, the name of which we have accidentally lost:

The camel and dromedary are names given to two varieties of the same animal. The principal, and perhaps the only sensible difference by which these two races are distinguished, consists in this: that the camel has two bunches on his back, whereas the dromedary has but one; the latter, also, is neither so large nor so strong as the camel. This is the usually received opinion; but, according to some, "the difference between them is not that the one has two bunches on its back and the other only one: it is like the difference between a heavy cart-horse and a swift riding horse. The dromedary is much lighter, swifter, and quicker in its motions; but the Arabian camel and dromedary have both only one hump, though the camel of Bactria and other regions is said to have two." (Bonar and M'Cheyne's Tour.)

The word "dromedary" properly denotes a very swift species of camel, which the Arabs call "el heirie." By Strabo and Diodorus Siculus the name (fleet camel) was first applied to a single race of the species, remarkable for its speed; and we have corrupted the epithet thus acquired, into a denomination for the general race.

Of the two varieties, the dromedary is by far the most numerous—the camel being scarcely found, except in Turkey and the countries of the Levant—while the other is found spread over all the deserts of Arabia, the southern parts of Africa, Persia, Tartary, and a great part of the eastern Indies. Thus, the one inhabits an immense tract of country; the other, in comparison, is confined to a province: the one inhabits the sultry countries of the torrid zone; the other delights in a warm, but not a burning climate.

They seem formed for those countries where shrubs are plentiful and water scarce; where they can travel along the sandy desert without being impeded by rivers, and find food at expected distances: such a country is Arabia.

The camel travels several days without drinking. In those vast deserts, where the earth is every where dry and sandy, where there are neither birds, beasts, nor vegetables, where nothing is to be seen but hills of sand and heaps of stone, it travels, posting forward sometimes at the rate of twelve miles within the hour, without requiring either drink or pasture, and is often found to go six or seven days without any sustenance whatever. Its feet are formed for travelling on sand, and utterly unfit for moist or marshy places; the inhabitants, therefore, find a most useful assistant in this animal where no other could subsist, and by its means cross the deserts with safety, which would be impassable by any other method of conveyance.

"The hoof," says Mr. Kirby, "though not actually, is superficially divided. Considering the deserts of loose and deep sand that it often has to traverse, a completely divided

hoof would have sunk into the sand, while one entire below would present a broader surface, not so liable to inconvenience. Boys, when they want to walk upon the muddy shores of an estuary at low water, fasten broad boards to their feet, to prevent their sinking in the mud. I conceive that the whole sole of the camel's foot answers a similar purpose. Its superficial division probably gives a degree of pliancy to it, enabling it to move with more ease over the sands." (*Bridge-water Treatise*, ii. 203.)

The camel is easily instructed to take up and support his burden. The legs, a few days after they are produced, are bent under their belly; they are thus loaded and taught to rise. The burden is every day increased, insensibly, till the animal is capable of supporting a weight adequate to its force. The same care is taken in making them patient of hunger and thirst. While other animals receive their food at stated times, the camel is restrained for days together; and these intervals of famine are increased as the animal seems capable of sustaining them. Thus trained, they live five or six days without food or water; and their stomach is formed most admirably by nature to fit them for long abstinence. Besides the four stomachs, which all animals have that chew their cud, (and the camel is of the number), it has a fifth stomach, which serves as a reservoir, to hold a greater quantity of water than the animal has an immediate occasion for. It is of sufficient capacity to contain a large quantity of water, where the fluid remains without corrupting, or without being adulterated by the other aliments. When the camel finds itself pressed with thirst, it has here an easy resource for quenching it; it throws a quantity of this water, by a simple contraction of the muscles, into the other stomachs, and this serves to macerate its dry and simple food. In this manner, as it drinks but seldom, it takes in a large quantity at a time; and travellers, when straitened for water, have been often known to kill their camels for that which they expected to find within them.

It is also especially provided with a glandular cavity, placed behind the palate, which furnishes a fluid for the express purpose of moistening and lubricating the throat.

#### THE CONTRAST.

An exchange paper gives us facts like these:

Saxony, at the period of the reformation, and until she fell under the power of popery, occupied a lofty position among the states of Germany, and possessed the most important elements of national wealth and power; she has now sunk into insignificance, and has no weight in the balance of political power. On the other hand, Protestant Prussia has arisen from an obscure Duchy into a mighty kingdom, is the leading power of the Ger-

man confederacy, and the very centre of the learning and civilization of the world, though her soil is sandy and sterile, and nature has done for her but little. Again:

Ireland refused to bow her neck to the yoke of his holiness. Pope Adrian stirred up Henry II to subdue her, that he might wring from her "Peter's pence," and was the first instigator of that "union" of which the Catholics now so loudly complain—Popery is the blight of her prosperity—the withering curse of her children; but,

Scotland—across the channel, is full of churches, and schools, and colleges—the land of learning, liberty, exalted sentiment, and hallowed wealth—the glory of the British isles. Again:

In Protestant America every man sits beneath his own vine and fig tree, having none to make him afraid: peace and happiness, knowledge and love, liberty and prosperity everywhere abound. But,

In Catholic America, in Mexico, and throughout all the republics south of her, there are despotism and anarchy, desolation and misery in fair proportion with the universal ignorance and sottishness of the people.

The fairest portions of the world, Italy, Spain, Poland and South America, have, in the providence of God been allotted to Popery for its inheritance; these are the broad fields of the wealth it calls its own, and dispute its claims; and yet all these rich and fertile countries have been impoverished, and made wretched by the mother of abomination's. No other countries of the world, ever enlightened by the gospel, have sunk so low on the scale of intelligence, wealth, and moral worth. Popery is their curse and ruin. It is a millstone hung upon the neck of all that is virtuous and lovely and of good report in Christendom. Soon may the "mighty angel" take it up and cast it into the sea, "where it shall be found no more at all."

**A CHARCOAL ROAD.**—The process of making such a road is described by a writer in the *Cleveland Herald* as follows:

Timber from six to eighteen inches in thickness, is cut twenty-four feet long, and piled up lengthwise in the centre of the road about five feet high, being nine feet wide at the bottom and two at the top, and then covered with straw and earth in the manner of coalpits. The earth required to cover the pile, taken from either side, leaves two good sized ditches, and the timber although not split, is easily charred, and when charred,



the earth is removed to the side of the ditches, the coal raked down, to a width of fifteen feet, leaving it two feet thick at the centre, and one at the sides, and the road is completed.

A road of this kind is now being made in the Cottonwood Swamp, near Blissfield in Michigan. From the writer above quoted we learn that about seventy rods are completed, twenty of which have been used for the last seven months; and as it is on the great thoroughfare West, and as in addition, on an average, sixteen heavy loaded teams, to and from an ashery, pass over it daily, it has been very well tried during the winter and spring, and yet there is now no appearance of ruts, but it presents an even, hard surface.

The Company making the road pay the contractors at the rate of \$660 a mile. The road is said to become very compact and to be free from mud or dust. Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, and Mr. Newton, an engineer who inspected the Blissfield road above mentioned, say they passed over it the morning after a rain.

"At each end of the different sections of the coal road the mud on the causeway was felly deep, where there was that depth of earth; and nearly or quite half axletree deep where the logs were broken; when on the coal road, there was not the least water standing, and the impress of the feet of a horse passing rapidly over it, was like that made on hard washed sand, as the surf recedes, on the shore of the lake. The water is not drained from the ditches, and yet there are no ruts or inequalities in the surface of the coal road, except what is produced by more compact packing on the line of travel. We think it is probable that coal will fully compensate for the deficiency of limestone and gravel in many sections of the West, and where a road is to be constructed through forest land, that coal may be used at a fourth of the expense of limestone."

#### FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

##### Latin Extract.

The style and the character of Pliny the Younger present peculiar attractions to the reader of the language in which he wrote. We hesitate not to say, that we turn to his epistles with pleasure more pure and unalloyed than that afforded us by any other Latin writer in our library. Which of his countrymen has left us so many elegant expressions, so many thoughts worthy of remembrance, so

many sentiments with which a Christian may sympathize, with propriety and profit? At the same time, where else shall we find a view of the purer and more virtuous part of Roman society, so gratifying, so unalloyed with the degradation and the depravity of heathenism? Well may we wish that some writer might arise, able to depict and to commend his excellencies in a style like his own. Well may we regret that his writings are unknown in most of our schools and colleges, being supplanted, in part, by the shameless, corrupt and corrupting Horace; and some other writers more fit to be banished with him than to be made models for our sons.

We give below an extract from one of Pliny's letters, (Lib. V. Ep. 16,) as a specimen of his affectionate character, and his beautiful and pathetic style.

*Letter of Pliny the Younger on the Death of the Daughter of Fundanus, in her 14th year.*

C. Plinius Marcellino Svos.

Tristissimus haec tibi scribo. Fundani nostri filia minor est defuncta: qua puella nihil unquam festivius, amabilius, nec modo longiore vita, sed prope immortalitate, dignius vidi. Nondum annos quatuordecim impleverat, et iam illi anilis prudentia, matronalis gravitas erat; et tamen suavis puellaris cum virginali verecundia. Vt illa patris cervicibus inhaerebat! ut nos amicos paterno et amanter et modeste complectebatur! ut nutrices, ut paedagogos, ut praeceptores, pro suo quemque officio, diligebat! Quam studiose, quam intelligenter lectitabat! ut parce custoditeque ludebat! Qua illa temperantia, qua patientia, qua etiam constantia novissimam valetudinem tulit! Medicis obsequabatur, sororem, patrem adhortabatur, ipsamque se destitutam corporis sui viribus, vigore animi sustinebat. Duravit hic illi usque ad extremum, nec aut spatio valetudinis, aut metu mortis infractus est: quo plures graviioresque nobis caussa relinqueret et desiderii et doloris. O triste plane acerbumque funus! o morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius! Iam destinata erat egregio iuveni, iam electus nuptiarum dies, iam nos vocati. Quod gaudium quo moerore mutatum est! Non possum exprimere verbis, quantum animo vulnus acceperim, quum audiivi Fundanum ipsum (ut nuda luctuosa dolor invenit) praecipientem, quod in vestes, margarita, gemmas, fuerat erogaturus, hoc in thura et unguenta et odores impenderetur.

##### Splendid Persian Rose Tree.

*From "Keppel's Journey, in 1824."*

Notwithstanding their poetic admiration of flowers, the Persians treat them with much neglect; still there are many which are beautiful and well worthy of notice. I am no

botanist, so I must content myself with mentioning those which attracted my attention. The most remarkable in appearance is a large rose-tree, called Nasteraun; it grows to the height of twenty feet; the trunk is nearly two feet in circumference; the flower, though larger, resembles the English hedge-rose, and has five leaves; the calix is in the form of a bell. The leaf of the tree is small and shining; the branches droop gracefully to the ground, and the flowers are so abundant as completely to conceal the stem of the tree. Numbers of this species are to be seen in every garden in Teheraun.

The next is the Durukti Ubrishoom, a species of *Mimosa* resembling the *Arborea* of that genus. It droops like the willow; the flower has silky fibres, of a delicate pink color, and would resemble a swan's down-puff, tinged with rouge. It sends forth a most fragrant perfume; and its name—the silk-tree—bespeaks its appearance. This flower thrives in Taheraun in the open air, but it does not succeed so well at Tabriz, where the temperature is colder and more variable. It grows wild in the forests on the Caspian Sea. There is one in the garden of the Prince Royal at Tabriz, and another in possession of the English officers resident there, who are obliged to protect it from the winter cold.

The Zunzeed is also a species of willow. The leaves are of a silvery hue, and the flowers, which are of a deep scarlet, send forth a most delicious perfume.

#### COAL.

Prof. Silliman, in a late lecture in Charleston (S. C.), made the following statements:

"I will speak, now, of the Coal formation. Coal is an important vegetable substance; of its constituent parts I will speak more fully again. You are very happy in having such an excellent opportunity, by its abundance in your neighborhood, to examine it closely. A "formation" means a group of rocks deposited at the same time, [for I hold that Coal is a vegetable deposit.] When, therefore, I speak of coal formation, I include all the rocks that accompany coal. The coal formation is 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles thick. The coal is supported on limestone, called carboniferous limestone. Then come alternate layers of coal shale, sand-stone, and limestone. Shale is a kind of incoherent slate—hardened clay, which went down as mud when the coal was deposited. Another mineral accompanies these, in most places, which is thus designed by the Almighty for a very useful purpose—iron-ore clay. It is found under coal and shale. Thus you see the wise designs of Providence. Here you have iron ore, coal to work it with, stone to build your furnaces, and lime to use in buildings. God has provided an abundance of materials, leaving it to your industry to profit by them.

Coal is very simple in its elements, and differs but very little, wherever found. Great

Britain abounds in coal; it is the source of her wealth. Some time ago, a geologist computed that her coal would be exhausted in about 300 years, which created quite a panic. He re-examined his calculation, found a mistake, and said it would exhaust only in 3000 years—when the panic subsided. It has been worked about three centuries, and in some places mines have been dug to a great depth: one mine is 1800 feet deep. Some of the veins are very deep; others shallow, being only twenty or thirty inches thick. These are worked by little boys and girls, who have to prostrate themselves to work them. This use of children is heartless and cruel. The veins of our coal are too thick to permit of such a resort; they are thick enough to permit a man to stand erect and work at them.

Some years ago, at the request of a company in England, who proposed purchasing coal lands in this country, I, in company with a son, examined a vein near Frostburgh (Maryland) which was twelve feet thick. We made a report of our observations in this bed of coal, which was transmitted to England. The company in England would not believe that such a bed of coal as described in our report, with the natural advantages of the country that were referred to, could exist; but they sent a learned geologist to this country to examine it; who did so, and confirmed our statement, only saying that it fell short of the reality. Anthracite coal differs from bituminous, from having no bitumen in it. This is accounted for thus: Bituminous coal lies in regular layers, as it was deposited: Anthracite does not; it is a confused mass, without any regularity; it has been tossed up and decomposed by the force of internal heat, which has extracted the bitumen from it; it was not left in the condition of coke, after the bitumen was thus extracted, because of the heavy pressure from above. The laws of geology do not permit us to find coal in primitive rocks; hence, where none but primitive rocks exist, it is useless to look for coal."

#### JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

##### Edward and the Refrigerator.

The weather was now growing warm; and, coming home, one day, Edward heard a noise in the yard, and found his father busy with some boxes and the hammer. He saw several nails lying by him, near the cellar-steps. This was a pleasant sight for him, as might have been known from his looks. Whenever he found the tools out, he knew there was a good prospect of his getting something to do, and an opportunity to ask questions and to learn something new.

"What are you going to do, sir?" asked he.



"I am going to make a refrigerator, or ice-box," replied his father. "I believe you do not know the meaning of *refrigerator*. It is derived from the Latin word *frigus*, which means *cold*. What I am going to make is a cooler, to keep things cool. You know a man has promised to let us have some ice every day through the warm season. Well, I am going to fix this box so that it will keep the ice from melting fast, and hold butter and other things, and keep them cold."

"How will you do that, sir?"

"First, let me see if you can understand the principle which in this case is to be attended to. It is this: that ice will not melt if you keep heat from touching it. Now there are many things which heat will not pass through fast; and I want one of these substances to put all round the ice. Some of them cost a great deal. I want a cheap one. So I take air. Air lets light pass through it very easily, but not heat. I mean heat cannot pass through air fast while it is still. Now see: I take this small wooden box, and put it into the large one. It goes in, and leaves a space all round between the boxes, which of course is filled with air. But now the bottom of the small box lies upon the bottom of the large one. That will not do: heat will pass through wood faster than through air, though dry wood is a pretty good guard against heat. What shall I do to keep the bottoms of the boxes apart? Take that saw, and saw me off two pieces from this stick, for cleets."

The little boy seized the saw, and went to work with great skill; for he had been taught long before how to saw wood. The cleets were made; and then he asked leave to nail them on. He knew where they were to go, on the bottom of the small box. So he turned it over, and began to hammer away, while his father turned round to attend to something else. In about half a minute the sound of the hammer ceased, and did not begin again. His father turned, and saw the little carpenter had his head down, and his finger in his mouth.

"What! have you hurt yourself?" said he.

"Yes sir, I have pounded my finger, and it hurts me very much."

"Oh, I am sorry, my son. I used to hurt myself, sometimes; but I found that a few such accidents made me more careful; and, by degrees, I learned to place my fingers so

that the hammer could not hit them if it turned any way. I had been told to be careful often enough, and so have you; but none of us is always attentive enough to advice. We are more apt to believe what we see, and especially what we feel, than what we hear about. Try to remember that what your friends tell you is just as true as if you had learned it by being hurt yourself."

Edward said his finger was now better; and he went on with his work. The cleets were soon nailed on, and the small box put into the large one, a hole bored through the bottoms of both to let the water run out from the melting ice, and a short pipe put through the holes. Then a cover was put on, with two hinges, and coarse woolen cloth nailed on the lower side of it, because wool is a bad conductor of heat.

Then the refrigerator was set in a cool place, and was very useful all summer; for if ice was put into it in the morning, it would keep butter, milk, meat, water and other things cold all day and night. It gave Edward pleasure, whenever he passed by it to get his hoop or to hang up his cap, for it reminded him that he had been a good boy and a useful one, while he was employed in making it.

Not long after it was made, he saw some refrigerators for sale in the street, and inquired the price. Then, when he went home, he told his father and mother, and I believe almost all the family, that some, not better than he had made, sold for eight dollars; and that, if he had boards and nails enough, with a little paint and a brush, he could make one that would sell for fifteen dollars!

#### MINERALS.

Now if my young readers have read and remembered much of what I have written in the former numbers of the American Penny Magazine about stones and rocks, they must find it more pleasant than they used to, to take a walk in the fields, or even in the city. Whoever knows their names, nature, and uses, will find something interesting in places where those ignorant of them can see nothing to look at, or to think about. The pavements in the streets of New York have a considerable variety of stones, which a mineralogist knows as soon as he sees them; and when he walks along, with nothing else to think of, he observes them, and remembers what kind

of earth each is made of, where it was brought from, and what it is good for. Sometimes, too, he is reminded of the place where he has seen such stones, or of the friends who first taught him to observe them.

After a rain, when the dust is washed away and the stones are wet, a pavement, or a stone wall, or a gravel walk is like a mineralogical cabinet not arranged; and this often makes a solitary ramble or a ride very interesting.

I hope my young friends will understand how it is, that in this way knowledge can supply the place of what is new or strange. The same is true of many other branches of learning, especially of things which we can see and handle. These were called by the Romans the works of Nature, as they supposed there was some kind of a being named Natura. We know they are the works of God, and we ought to like to learn about them, because they show His wisdom, strength and goodness. They also show His truth. Do you know how? By showing that He is such a being as He says he is in His book—the Bible.

Now I have many more stones and rocks to tell you of; but I am almost afraid to begin, because I think my readers do not know those I have already spoken of, and I am afraid they will be confused. If they are confused, they will perhaps be discouraged, and give up the study, and not read any more on the subject.

The best thing that you can do now is, I think, to write down, or at least repeat, the answers to these questions: What is the first mineral described? What are the external properties of quartz? What its internal properties? What those of feldspar? What its uses? What is the next mineral? Go on thus with the other stones and rocks.

#### The Little Boy's Purchase.

The following interesting anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan of London, was related by himself, at the close of a lecture on Persia, which he lately delivered at Stepney Meeting Sunday School room.

"May I be allowed," said the Rev. gentleman, "to make a few observations relating to myself? I well remember when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety: As I passed along the streets, the fear

of losing my guinea induced me frequently to take it out of my pocket to look at it; first I put it into one pocket, and then I took it out of that pocket and placed it in another, really perplexed what to do with it! At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in, and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table, just as the auctioneer was putting up the "History of the World," in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket, and began turning over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy this lot. The biddings proceeded—at last I ventured a bid too. "Hal-loo, my little man," said the auctioneer, "what, not content with less than the world!" This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company towards me, who seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me, and so "the world" was knocked down to me at a very low price.

"How to get the huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them; but I not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were, determined to take them myself; so after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Sampson with the gates of Gaza, amidst the smiles of all present. When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother. "My dear boy," said she, "what have you got there? I thought you would keep your guinea long." "Do not be angry, mother," said I, throwing them down upon the table, "I have bought the World for nine shillings." "This was on Saturday, and I was till well nigh midnight turning over the History of the world. As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of the books naturally led me to desire to be a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attributed, in a great measure, any honors in connection with literature that have been added to my name.

"I have not mentioned this anecdote," said the Rev. gentlemen, "to gratify any foolish feelings, but to encourage in those young persons I see before me, that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure—pleasure which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies."

*London S. S. Teacher's Magazine.*



**Sure Road to Independence.**

If more wealth and greater individual fortunes have been made in our cities than in the country, we cannot get rid of the fact that, from the first settlements of the country, the farmer's occupation has been the surest road to independence. If we turn back to the men who have cut down the forest of New England within the last hundred years, where shall we find in all history a more successful, more intelligent, more independent and high souled race? In the soil and growth upon it they have found everything; the use of their own hands upon the means furnished them has made them whatever they have been. Few of the original settlers commenced with means sufficient to pay for the lot of land which they occupied; yet, of these, comparatively few failed in their first enterprise. At the close of the war of the revolution, many of the townships of New Hampshire and Vermont were indebted for their first improvements to young men who, as soldiers of the war, had suffered great privations and hardships. That the great body of such men should, after gaining our liberties, become men of property and influence, as the effect of their own labors, is honorable to human nature.

As instances of the almost invariable success of farmers, we point to numerous heads of families who have been gathered to their fathers in the town where we live. In an adjacent town and its neighborhood, up the river, eight men of one generation, all of the same name, and we believe all originating from one family, succeeded in clearing as many valuable farms, and all of them in gaining a property equal in value to from five to fifty thousand dollars. Taking the whole group of that generation together, it would seem that the prudence and care of the farmer might almost have to command his own destiny. What other occupation in this world of uncertainty can so well assure success as that of the persevering farmer?

*Farmer's Monthly Visitor.*

**Hon. John Jay.**

*From President Dwight's Travels.*

At Albany I remained until Wednesday morning. On Monday we visited his Excellency, Governor Jay. This gentleman is well known, both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe. In all the countries which he has visited, he has been held in the highest estimation; and in Britain a most honorable character was publicly given him by Lord Grenville in the House of Peers—a character accurately just, and richly merited. The services which he has rendered to his country are pre-eminent, and he has rendered such services in every public station which he has filled. As Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Jay acquired everywhere the highest reputation. As Governor of the State of New York, he amply merited the same character, and gained it from every wise and

good man acquainted with his administration. His private life, even in the view of his enemy, has not been soiled with a single spot.

With a forecast possessed by few other men, Mr. Jay, not long after the date of this journey, declined being a candidate for any public office, and retired to an estate, which he has in his native county of Westchester. Here he employs his time partly in the cultivation of his lands, and partly in a sequestered and profound attention to those immense objects which ought ever supremely to engage the thoughts, wishes, and labors, of an immortal being.

**Receipts.**

*From "Every Lady's Book"*

**Common Cup Cake.**—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; four cups of flour; four eggs; one cup of sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus in water; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, and half a nutmeg. Beat the mixture well. Butter a couple of two-quart basins, and divide the mixture between them. Bake it in a quick oven, for three quarters of an hour.

**Indian Muffins.**—Pour boiling water into a quart of yellow corn meal, stir it well, let it be a thick batter; when it is cooled a little, add to it a teaspoonful of yeast, two eggs well beaten, and a teaspoonful of salt; set it in a warm place to rise, for two hours; then butter square tin pans, two-thirds fill them, and bake in a quick oven; when done, serve hot, in squares. Or bake as wheat muffins.

**Crackers.**—One pound of flour and two ounces of butter, mixed to a stiff paste with milk; beat it smooth with the rolling-pin, then roll it thin, and cut it in round or square cakes; prick each with a fork, and bake on tins.

**DES CARTES**, after having left the army, travelled through a great part of Europe, visiting England among other countries. He then fixed his residence in Holland, where he wrote the greater number of his works. They relate to metaphysics, geometry, and various departments of natural philosophy. Des Cartes is now principally remembered for the impulse which his works gave to the study of metaphysics in Germany, and for his ideas being now, in a great degree, the foundation of what is called the Ideal School of Philosophy, as opposed to the Sensual, or Material. His celebrated axiom was "*Cogito, ergo sum*," (I think, therefore, I exist.) His astronomical speculations were very singular and extravagant.

Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

Never be in a hurry.

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

## POETRY.

**Columbia's Shores.***By Chapman.*

Columbia's shores are wild and wide,  
 Columbia's hills are high,  
 And, rudely planted side by side,  
 Her forests meet the eye.  
 But narrow must those shores be made,  
 And low Columbia's hills,  
 And low her ancient forests laid,  
 E'er freedom leaves her fields.  
 For 'tis the land where, rude and wild,  
 She played her gambols when a child.

And deep and wide her streams that flow  
 Impetuous to the tide,  
 And thick and green the laurels grow  
 On every mountain's side;  
 But should a transatlantic host  
 Pollute our waters fair,  
 We'll meet them on the rocky coast,  
 And gather laurels there.  
 For oh! Columbia's sons are brave,  
 And free as ocean's wildest wave!

The gale that waves her mountain pine  
 Is fragrant and serene.  
 And never brighter sun did shine  
 Than lights her valleys green:  
 But putrid must those breezes blow—  
 That sun must set in gore—  
 E'er footsteps of a foreign foe  
 Imprint Columbia's shore.  
 For oh! her sons are brave and free,  
 Their breasts beat high with liberty!

For arming boldest cuirassier  
 We've mines of sterling worth,  
 For sword and buckler, spur and spear,  
 Embowelled in the earth.  
 But e'er Columbia's sons resign  
 The boon their fathers won,  
 The polished ore from every mine  
 Shall glitter in the sun:  
 For bright's the blade and sharp's the  
 spear  
 That freedom's sons to battle bear!

Let France in blood through Europe wade,  
 And in her frantic mood,  
 nI civil discord draw the blade,  
 And shed her children's blood;  
 Too dear the skill in arms were bought,  
 Where kindred life-blood flows;  
 Columbia's sons are only taught  
 To triumph o'er their foes,  
 And then to comfort, sooth, and save,  
 The feelings of the conquered brave

**Religion.**

The mariner, when tempest-driven,  
 Upon a dark and stormy sea,  
 Lifts up his troubled eye to heaven,  
 In hope that there some guide may be.  
 And if perchance some trembling star  
 Shine softly through the gloom of night,

He hails its radiance from afar,  
 Blessing its mild celestial light.

Thus when o'er life's tumultuous surge  
 We struggle on, through gloom and care,  
 While storms of grief and anguish urge  
 Our troubled spirits to despair—

Oh then, in that benighted hour,  
 One guide hath God in mercy given,  
 Shining with mild, benignant power,  
 To light our weary souls to heaven.

RELIGION!—'tis thy holy beam  
 That dissipates each cloud of gloom—  
 Brightens and cheers life's troubled dream,  
 And sheds a halo round the tomb.

*Selected.***Fruits of Early Dissipation.***By Lord Byron.**[Lines too justly applicable to the author!]*

His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,  
 And troubled manhood followed baffled youth;  
 With thoughts of years in phantom chase  
 misspent,  
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
 And fiery passions that had poured their wrath  
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
 And left the better feelings all at strife  
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;  
 But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame,  
 And charged all faults upon the fleshy form  
 He gave to clog the soul and feast the worm;  
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will.

Preserve self-possession, and do not be  
 talked out of conviction.

Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow  
 to speak:

Rather set than follow example.

Practice strict temperance.

## THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

Is published weekly, at the office of the New York Express, No. 112 Broadway, at 3 cents a number, (16 pages large octavo,) or, to subscribers receiving it by mail, and paying in advance, \$1 a year. The postage is one cent a number for all parts of the State, or within 100 miles of the city, and one and a half cents for greater distances. Persons forwarding the money for five copies, will receive a sixth gratis. Editors known to have published this advertisement, with an editorial notice of the work, will be supplied with it for one year. By the quantity, \$2 a hundred. The work will form a volume of 832 pages annually.

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